

Poetry.

We copy, at the request of the author, the following poem from the *Boston Post*:

On the Death of Abel—July, 1849.

ADDRESSED TO LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

A tear for Abel and a curse for Cain.

“Where is thy brother? Where is righteous Abel?”
This awful question God asked murderous Cain.
“Where is our brother? Where is free-born Rome?”
This awful question we ask murderous France.
“Thou darfst not lie, thou darfst not say, ‘I know not’;
We know thou knowest, and heaven and hell do know.
Thou canst not say, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’
Thou saidst thou wast, and hell and heaven heard it.
There is no trick, no lie, no perjury left,
Thou standest at the bar—and thou art dumb.

O woe! “What has thou done? What durst thou do?”
A voice there crieth—“tis a voice of blood—
A murderer’s man still warm and reeking blood—
It is our brother’s, tis thy brother’s blood.
That crieth up to heaven from the ground;
That crieth with a voice that rends the skies;
A mighty earthquake voice that shakes the earth,
A dagger voice that pierces every heart;
That cries: Revenge! revenge! revenge! revenge!
My brother Cain, my —— France has murdered me!

O woe! O woe too deep for tears!
Our brother Rome, beloved Rome is dead!
So free, so brave, so young, so beautiful,
He flourished but a day, and now is dead!
The youngest of his brethren and our darling,
Our hope, our flower was killed while in the bud.
He was as righteous and as pure as Abel,
And woe is me! he met with Abel’s fate.
He loved his brother, just as Abel did,
He trusted in him—just as Abel did,
He gloried in him—just as Abel did,
And lo! his brother proved a wretch like Cain,
And hated him and envied him like Cain,
And murdered him—ay, ay, he murdered him,
The Gallic Cain, the righteous Roman Abel.
O woe, O crime, O shame beyond a name!

O woe! O woe! insufferable woe!

“Our brother Rome is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Rome is dead, and has not left his peer!

Who would not weep for Rome?” It was the hope,

The joy, the pride of Freedom’s gallant crew.

His was the brightest lot man can be born to,

The fairest prospect ope before his eye,

A course of glory and a prize of bliss;

And he run well, and he had reached the goal

But for a brother—no, not a brother,

A devil in a brother’s form disguised,

Who stopt him in the midst of his career,

And stretched him here a lifeless, bloody body.

O that I were a host and not a man!

O that I wielded swords and not a lyre!

Then should I have a worthy sacrifice

The pions hand; then not mere words and tears.

Blood should revenge him on his murderer!

Be cursed then with every withering curse,

Thou hypocrite, recreant fraticide!

Be cursed from the earth which oped her mouth

To drink the blood—thou murdered brother’s blood;

The tree of liberty thy hand hath reared,

Shall never thrive, shall never yield thee fruit,

But having stod awhile, an empty show,

The rootless trunk shall die and rot away,

Shall die and rot to mould from whence it sprung,

Amock, a scorn, a byword with all nations!

But then thyself, perjurious renegade,

Thou bloody, murderous, infamous, villainous villain,

Thou traitorous Ephialtes, Judas, Cain—

But yesterday an outlaw, now a despot;

But yesterday a suppliant, now a tyrant,

But yesterday a convict, now a hangman—

Again thou’lt tinkle from thy dizzy height,

Again the land shall rise and spew thee out,

Again thou’lt be a fugitive on earth.

A branded vagabond to room like Cain,

And every one that findeth thee shall spit,

And hurry past as if a viper crossed him,

And pelt thee with this blasting taunt and curse:

“Fie! Shame on thee, thou mock-Napoleon!

Thou dwarfish imp masked in a Titan’s name!

Thou art no kin of him whose cloak thou stolest,

The victor general of the first republic,

The hero on a hundred battle-fields,

Where freedom gained her first immortal glories;

Who like a thunderstorm broke from the Alps,

And swept the cliff of Royalties away,

And burst the Austrian yoke on Italy,

And rocked the thrones in Berlin and Vienna,

Bread beggar he of frightened despots brats.

He did not couch to kiss the pontiff’s toe,

No, no, he stood and made the pontif crouch,

And set his foot on the anointed neck,

A tyrant he, too, but a tyrants’ tyrant.”

“No, surely no, thou art no Bonaparte,

They truly call the right who call the ‘Bastard’;

A cuckoo laid thee in the eagle’s nest.”

“Avant, avaut, thou leprosy renegade,

Thou living carcass and thou rotten soul!

Corrupt not freedom’s healthy mountain air

With thy cadaverous, poisonous traitor’s breath!

Go to the chief priests in whose pay thou art;

Go, Judas, go and get thy Judas fee,

The price of blood, the thirty silver pieces,

And falling heads and asunder bursting,

Mayst thou, who liest like him, like Judas die.”

EMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB.

A Switzer, and former fellow-citizen of Louis Napoléon.

Concord, Mass.

—Wit Restored, 1040.

The World.

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they feel heat or cold;
Whether they be young or old;

There is underneath the sun
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest,
None are worst and none are best,
Griefe and joy, and hope and feare,
Play their peagnets everywhere;

Vaine opinion all doth away
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds doth sit,
Marking our poor apish wit,
That so lamely without state,
Their high glory imitate.

No ill can be felt but paine,
And that happy men disdaine.

Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect’s leg, all read of war,

The best amusement for a morning meal!

The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayers
From curses—who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father—

Becomes a fluent phrase-man, absolute
And technical, in battles and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fraticide—

Terms which we trundle smoothly o’er our tongue,
Like mere abstractions—empty sounds to which

We join no feeling and attack no form!

As if the soldier died without a wound—
As if the fibres of their godlike frames
Were gored without a pang—as if the wretch
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds

Passed off to Heaven translated and not kill’d—

As though he had no wife to pine for him,

No God to judge him!

[COLEBRIDGE.

Miscellany.

From the Literary World.

A DAY WITH MARIA EDGEWORTH.

A late English steamer brought us the melancholy news of the death of Maria Edgeworth. There are few persons to whom the present generation of men and women owe so large a debt of gratitude for pleasant reading as to her. The writer is not sure whether “Harry and Lucy” and “Simpson” continue to be favourites with children. Perhaps their place has been supplied by something more “improving.” “Belinda,” also, and “Pamela,” and “Castle Rackrent,” and “Helen,” may not be sought for as of old at the circulating libraries. More highly spiced productions, probably, cause them to seem insipid to “Young America.” There must be some readers, however, to whom the mere mention of these books still awakens agreeable recollections, and who have found nothing in more modern fiction equally to supply their places. Such persons, the writer ventures to think, will be interested in the description of a visit he had the privilege of paying several years since at Edgeworthstown. He trusts that he shall be acquitted of any impropriety in publishing the details of that visit. Common usage has sanctioned similar statements in the case of other distinguished authors, and in regard to Miss Edgeworth, if the writer can convey to the public a tittle of that respect for her character which the interviews he shall be pardoned for the liberty he is taking. It was early in the morning of a July day, in the year 1836 (the reader will allow me to use the first person singular), when I left Dublin for Edgeworthstown, which latter place lies fifty-three Irish miles distant from the other in a northwardly direction. On leaving the city we passed the fine building erected for the Law Courts, the Barracks, the Military Hospital, and Phoenix Park. We saw at a distance the spire of the Mad House in which Swift spent some of the latter and most melancholy days of his life. Our road led us through Maynooth, where the large Roman Catholic College is situated, and Mullingar. There was little, however, to interest me on the way excepting the beggars who surrounded the coach at every stopping place, and were most impudent in their demands, —whining, blessing, flattering, praying, and groaning in melancholy chorus. The sight was a distressing one, and only rendered tolerable by the reflection that this was made a matter of business with many of the poor creatures, and much of the grief and affliction was put on for the occasion.

I reached the Inn at Edgeworthstown at half-past two in the afternoon, and immediately sent a package with which I had been charged, together with a letter of introduction and my card to the authoress. Shortly afterwards the servant returned bearing Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth’s compliments, and an invitation to visit them. I walked forthwith to the house, which was at no great distance from the Inn. I entered the grounds by the gate at the Porter’s Lodge and followed a broad gravelled drive, which wound through a beautiful lawn adorned by clumps of elms. This brought me to the great Hall door of the mansion, which was square in shape, large and commodious, and painted of a yellowish colour. It was partly surrounded by flower-gardens, and had on one side verandas and trellis work, covered with clustering roses. A servant received me at the entrance, and passing through the hall, which was ornated with family portraits and specimens of natural history, ushered me into the Library, where a number of ladies were sitting engaged in writing and sewing. One of them rose and accosted me, and I recognized Miss Edgeworth at once from descriptions of her which I had already received. She was a very short and spare person, and appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, although she must have been at that time not less than seventy. Her face had no very striking features. It expressed, however, in a marked degree good sense and benevolence. If there was anything peculiar in her physiognomy it was the space between the eyes, which was very broad and flat. The forehead also was broad, while the lower part of the face about the mouth and chin was quite narrow. Her eyes were small, and of a colour between grey and hazel. They assumed a very pleasant expression when she smiled and half closed them. Her nose was nearly straight, and mouth small and slightly compressed. She wore a slate-coloured gown and a straw bonnet on her head, and, holding in her hands a basket filled with flowers which she had just gathered. They were wet with the rain, and having engaged me to spread them out upon the floor, she retired to prepare for breakfast. In a little while we were all assembled at the meal, at which conversation flowed on in the same easy and unrestrained way as before. It turned at first upon Prison Reform, and she seemed to have an accurate knowledge of what had been effected in America in this department. Negro Slavery was then mentioned, and upon this question she appeared to have more enlightened and just views than the others. She was generally grouped around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point,—that all in the house should be proud of her, —had a picture of her great-grandfather, in his legal robes, and one of an ancestor of hers, a Lady Edgeworth, which represents her in the act of making the sign of the cross, the same which saved Cranagh Castle from the fury of a mob, as related in the memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth.

When we returned to the Library lights were brought in and the ladies commenced working. Miss Edgeworth was engaged upon a muslin cap, which sort of occupation, they said, followed so much that people were surprised she found any time for writing. Tea was afterwards served, and a pleasant conversation maintained until bed-time. Everything went on in a quiet and easy manner, so indicative of refinement and true politeness. Among all the members of this family the greatest harmony and affection seemed to exist, and I frequently observed little acts and words which, although unimportant in themselves, showed the constant influence of these delightful qualities.

I was down in the Library the next morning at nine o’clock. Soon after Miss Edgeworth came in from the garden with a large straw bonnet on her head, and holding in her hands a basket filled with flowers which she had just gathered. They were wet with the rain, and having engaged me to spread them out upon the floor, she retired to prepare for breakfast. In a little while we were all assembled at the meal, at which conversation flowed on in the same easy and unrestrained way as before. It turned at first upon Prison Reform, and she seemed to have an accurate knowledge of what had been effected in America in this department. Negro Slavery was then mentioned, and upon this question she appeared to have more enlightened and just views than the others. She was generally grouped around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point,—that all in the house should be proud of her, —had a picture of her great-grandfather, in his legal robes, and one of an ancestor of hers, a Lady Edgeworth, which represents her in the act of making the sign of the cross, the same which saved Cranagh Castle from the fury of a mob, as related in the memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth.

“Miss Edgeworth suffered bitterly during Scott’s imprisonment, —she talked much, and sorrowfully, about both him and Captain Basil Hall. ‘People will overtask themselves,’ she said, ‘in the very teeth of example; even Sir Walter Scott knew that he was destroying himself; he told me that four hours a day, at works of imagination, was enough: adding that he had wrought fourteen.’”

MACKINTOSH AT BREAKFAST.

“One thing I must tell you,” she exclaimed, after she had been turning over several of Sir Walter Scott’s letters, “one thing I must tell you, Sir Walter Scott was almost the only literary man who never lived me, Sir James Mackintosh, was a clever talker, but he tired me very much, although my sister once repeated to me seventeen things he said worth remembering one morning at breakfast.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Edgeworth’s collection of autograph letters was by far the most interesting I ever saw—Sir Walter Scott’s were, I had almost said, without number; the correspondence of many years with Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, with Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Grant; packets of foreign letters, and multitudes from America, which Miss Edgeworth said was a letter-writing country.”

BIT OF A NEWSPAPER.

“On returning to Dublin from Edgeworthstown I was convinced of the truth of Miss E.’s observation [of the growing habit of thinking of the people].” While waiting for change of horses at Maynooth, the carriage was, as usual, surrounded by beggars, one after another; they begged for everything they could think of; “A little sixpence, your honour, just for the honour of Old Ireland and good luck,” “It’s only the half of that, or a fourpenny bit; I’d be asking that you mightn’t dirty your glove with them, man he’p’nce!” “May ye’d have a bit of bread, or anything, to stop the hunger of the children, my lady!” and, at last, when the horses were about to start, an old crone exclaimed, “Ah, us then leave us the bit of a newspaper itself, to amuse us while ye’re gone!”

THE FOLLOWING SKETCH OF THE CELEBRATED MENTELLI,

WE COPY FROM THE LAST OF A SERIES OF VERY INTERESTING PAPERS WHICH HAVE APPEARED, FROM TIME TO TIME, IN THE *LONDON WEEKLY NEWS*, [JERROLD’S] ENTITLED, “EXPERIENCES OF LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN, BY AN EDITOR,” AND FROM WHICH WE HAVE HERETOFORE LIBERALLY EXTRACTED:

“Captain O——, of the Royal Navy, an old man, had taken lodgings in the Rue Pigalle, at the house of a teacher of mathematics, of whom he was receiving lessons. One day dining together, he said if I would come to his new berth he would introduce one of the most singular characters I ever met with. I went, and found in a garden of moderate size a summer house, slightly built, of wood, with glass windows on each side, some of the panes of which admitted of the air. A glass door in front closed it, but not so nicely as to exclude the cold of winter. He resided, in a space of eight feet square, a noble-looking Hungarian, in the prime of life. It was the celebrated Mentelli, well known to the French Institute, and greatly respected. Across the summer-house was a box extended nearly the whole width of that, athwart-ways, lay a plauk, which served for a